

CHURCH BACKWARD

Rev. Dr. Van Schaick Discusses Problem Before Monday Evening Club.

"I have been trying for ten years to bring about a better co-operation between the church and other forms of charitable and social work, and haven't succeeded," said the Rev. John Van Schaick, of the Church of Our Father, at a meeting of the Monday Evening Club, at the Young Men's Christian Association last night.

"So far as the general public is concerned the church seems to have fallen into a hopeless attitude, and is looked upon as a last resort when help is being sought. Almost invariably when a needy case is brought to the attention of a citizen he immediately thinks of one of the public or private charitable organizations or of the benevolent fraternal bodies. It seldom enters his head to ask help of the church.

"The church wants to get acquainted with the charity organizations, and the latter want to get acquainted with the church. This is not all one-sided. What we need is to get together."

The general subject for discussion at the meeting was "Co-operation Between Workers in Charity and Other Forms of Social Service." The Rev. Dr. Van Schaick compared the church with the organized charities.

Walter S. Ufford, general secretary of the Associated Charities, who was the first speaker, discussed "Co-operation Between the Church and the Charity Organization Society."

"There should be in every large city," said Mr. Ufford, "some central organization where there is registered our dependent poor. This would work to our mutual advantage. The names and addresses, and other facts regarding those who are seeking charity should be listed."

"Nothing is more disagreeable to the average citizen than to go out and investigate the individual cases of all who come to ask alms of him. It is the duty of such a central organization to furnish a corps of trained workers who will go out and investigate all such cases and report on them."

Mr. Ufford concluded his remarks by giving several illustrations of the different ways in which a central charity organization would bring more help to the poor and needy, but prevents the general public from being imposed upon.

Among the other speakers were George S. Wilson, secretary of the Board of Charities, who discussed co-operation between the church and the charities, and William K. Cooper, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, who discussed the work of the Young Men's Christian Association and kindred social forces in relation to organized charities.

MORE BIG PROTESTS AGAINST PAY-ENTERS

Takoma Park Citizens Will Request Traction Company to Not Use Any.

Having accomplished their purpose in securing a promise for rearrangement of the seats in the pay-as-you-enter cars, public-spirited citizens are now requesting the Washington Railway and Electric Company not to install any of the new type of cars on its lines.

Takoma Park Citizens' Association is the latest to take up the question, and at a meeting last evening adopted strong resolutions regarding the street car situation.

The association declined to make any more moves in regard to the gas question at this time, desiring to give the Chamber of Commerce committee opportunity to bring out the facts.

MURDER COVERED UP BY THEFT AND ARSON

Virginia Coroner's Jury Brings Out Gruesome Facts Surrounding Stewart Brothers' Death.

BUCKINGHAM COURTHOUSE, Va., April 20.—Murder, robbery, and arson is the verdict brought by a coroner's jury after an inquest over the charred bodies of William and Tom Stewart, found beneath the burned ruins of their home near here.

Buckshot was found in the brains of each of the brothers, although the fire had gone far to wipe out the work of the murderer. Bloodhounds have been sent for and every man in the county has joined the posse which is hunting for the murderer. The Stewart brothers were very popular and well to do. It is feared that if any one is caught and connected with the murder there will be a lynching.

BABY BOY'S ARRIVAL DELAYS FAST TRAIN

Two Actresses Pressed Into Service as Nurses by the Physicians.

HAZLETON, Pa., April 20.—Mrs. Rose Shupeck, of this city, while returning from New York on one of the night trains on the Lehigh Valley railroad, was taken suddenly ill twelve miles from here and gave birth to a baby boy in a passenger coach at the Hazleton station, where the train had to be held forty minutes before two physicians, who had been summoned, announced the safe arrival of the lusty youngster.

Two actresses on their way to Hazleton from New York were the only other lady passengers and were pressed into service as nurses, in which capacity, the physicians said, they acted with the ability of trained attendants.

TRIED TO KILL CHIEF WITH AX

HAZLETON, Pa., April 20.—Charged with attempting to kill Chief of Police Melkranz, of West Hazleton, with an ax as the officer was trying to arrest him after the man had driven out his family, James Lynch has been held for court.

Lynch turned out the lights when the officers came to his house and swung at the chief with the ax as the policeman entered. The ax just grazed the forehead of the officer, who, with the assistance of a constable, finally subdued the prisoner.

NO STEAMSHIP COMBINE.

HAMBURG, April 20.—The officers of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company state that there is no truth in the report that arrangements are being made for an amalgamation of their company and the North German Lloyd.

The Journal of a Neglected Wife

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

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CHAPTER VIII (Concl'd).

"TALENT for loving!" Oh, it did make you happy once, Horace. Have you forgotten how often you held me in your arms, murmuring that no other woman in the world could love you so tenderly, that no one else could have such quiet little ways of loving? Have you forgotten the "whispering kisses"—touching, oh, so softly your hair and eyes with my lips, or laying my head on your shoulder and just sweeping your neck with my eyelashes—a little purring caress all my own? And oh, so many tender, intimate love-ways—have you forgotten them, Horace? Have you forgotten them all?

And when you came home tired, fretted, and with a cruel headache, I would kneel by the couch beside you with my lips pressed against your forehead, until my very love would draw away the pain. And you would fall asleep, often with your arm clasped close around me, and however cramped or numb I might become, I would still kneel there, not moving for fear of waking you.

Will any other woman love you like that, Horace? Will any other woman give you so much? Oh, I am crying so I cannot see to write.

November 6th. If our child had lived! To have had it with us every day, to know that life was there because we had loved! My child and his—a constant living reminder of all that our love had meant, knowing that out of it had grown all the immortality that life can give. Could any one have ever come between us then?

November 7th. I HAVE become so nervous and unstrung lately that I dread even to go out on the streets alone. Today I was almost half an hour trying to cross a crowded corner. Cars, cabs, trucks, recklessly driven automobiles, and a crashing, deafening elevated overhead—it all seemed to terrify me. I stood on the curb afraid to cross. Several times I started and then ran back as an automobile swept down upon me. At last a policeman came and walked over beside me. When I reached home I was weak from strained, quivering nerves. And a year ago I could dart fearlessly across the most crowded street!

November 8th. THIS morning I awoke with such a weight of despondency, of hopelessness, that I felt I could not meet another day. The mere thought of bathing, of dressing, of going through the necessary routine of the day, bore upon me as something too difficult of accomplishment. The cold air from an open window was blowing on me, but to cross the room and put down the window seemed an effort that would take more initiative, more strength, more courage, than I had to give.

Did any one ever turn their face to the wall and say: "I am through. The burden of life is too heavy—I will never take it up again, and then let there be death released them?" And would the release come soon? This morning I felt if only I could lie there, that to

me it would come very soon, for my body seemed too weak, too weary, to hold life within it much longer.

November 9th. I SPEND hours lately planning meetings with her. Night after night I awake, picturing what such an encounter would be like. Sometimes I think of meeting her on the street with him. What would he do? Would he merely bow to me and pass on, or would he stop and speak? Would he introduce her—and how?

Never in all these years have I seen my husband with another woman. Could I pass on proudly serene, or would I break down in some emotional way?

Again and again I picture scenes—ghostly scenes—in which I go to her apartment, and there confront them both. I have pictured him, white and stern, standing by her side and saying: "Why have you come here? This is the woman I love—I shall never leave her."

Again, I have pictured him starting to come toward me, when he saw me at the door. And then she would come between us, throwing herself in his arms—keeping him from me. The scenes are always different, but the apartment I see is always the same—a luxuriously furnished room with shaded lights and burning gas-lamps. I always picture her there in a soft white house gown, with Horace sitting near, reading aloud or bending over her, talking tenderly, earnestly.

Is her apartment anything like I picture it? The whole atmosphere of the room and many of its details seem so distinct. How strange such imaginings are! And why do I always think of her as frail and delicate? Is it because I feel that is how her appeal to Horace would be strongest? Will I ever meet her? And will it be in any of these ways? I know that with all my heart I hope such a meeting will never occur; it would only increase my suffering and degradation, a hundredfold. And yet I am always planning, always picturing, always living it.

Why must I torture myself so? Why cannot I keep my mind from such things?

CHAPTER IX.

November 10th. THERE is something so sad about the doing of anything for the last time. Today I was packing away Horace's summer clothes, as I have every fall for fifteen years, and my heart was sick with fear that it was for the last time—that I would never do that again.

Oh, if I could only be told that it was not for the last time! If fate would let me look into the future and I could see myself once more putting away those summer things! If only I could be sure that next fall—a year from now—it would still be I who would again fold them away!

November 11th. TODAY this letter came from Edith Carrington: "I have said I was spending this week with you. If Frank telephones from Boston, say that I have just gone out—make any excuse, but make him believe that I am with you."

What may I think—whatever your disapproval may be—you will help me in this now. Life owes me these four days of happiness—after that I shall have only memories. The future will hold nothing else.

For myself I would scorn this subterfuge—but I cannot wholly forget my children. Hold any letters that may come in your care, will come to New York Saturday for a few hours. What does it mean? "Four days—after that I shall have only memories." Has she gone away with the man she loves for these four days, that they may have this one glimpse of happiness?

And then to separate—to send him from me forever?

Four days alone with the man she loves! Of the moral right or wrong I cannot think just now. I can only think of what those four days will mean, even with the anguish of parting over them.

A year ago I would have recoiled from lending even passive aid to such a thing, but now I have come to know more of life, its bitterness, its heart-lunger.

If Edith Carrington has the courage to wrest from fate those four days and pay for them afterward, as in some way she must pay, I can presume to say: "It must not be it is wrong?" I know that I would barter my own soul could it bring me four such days with Horace! There is no such price I would not pay to have again even for that short time the same love and tenderness and intimacy that we once had.

November 13th. THIS morning's mail brought a letter addressed to Edith. It was postmarked Boston, and was in Frank Carrington's writing. There have been no telephone inquiries, and I have had no word from her.

I am thinking of her constantly, and always with that feeling that I should have been able to have helped her in some way. I might even have saved her from this.

The more I dwell on it all, the more I feel for her. The memories of these four days—will they comfort her in the future as she thinks, or will her future be more unbearable because of them?

November 15th. THIS afternoon a cab stopped at our door and Edith Carrington stepped out. She was in a gray tailored suit, was heavily veiled, the cabman followed with two large traveling bags. I was frightened. She looked so ill. She was very pale, her hands were like ice, and she was trembling violently.

I want to stay until tomorrow. I can't bear to go home tonight," was all she said. I brought a warm tea-gown, made her undress and lie down. "It is over," she said dully. "He called at noon." And then she turned her face to the wall. I felt she would rather be alone, so I left her then. Later when I came in she was still staring at the wall with eyes dark with suffering.

When Horace came, I told him Edith was here, but that she had a sick headache and would be down for dinner. He expressed his sympathy, and he hoped she would stay several days. I said that she was always glad to see him, and he said he would come to see her. I felt more free to leave now to spend the evenings with her.

I took up a small tray to her room, but she could not eat. She asked me to sit in the room with her—to read or sew—that she did not want to be alone. I was glad to know I could be of some little comfort; I have felt so helpless to help her through all this.

It was not until I was leaving her for the night that she called me back. "Wary, there is one thing I want to tell you, and then I don't think I can ever speak of this again. You think I sent my away because I had come to feel our love was wrong, and because of the children. That is not true—and I want you to know the truth."

"I have given him up because I knew I could not hold him. I ended it while it was still in my power to end it. I don't mind that. I mind that I lost his sense of duty and obligation without having led him, but I did not want that if I had told him that was my reason for parting, he would have persuaded me that I was mistaken. So I lied to

him. I said it was because of the children."

For myself I would scorn this subterfuge—but I cannot wholly forget my children. Hold any letters that may come in your care, will come to New York Saturday for a few hours. What does it mean? "Four days—after that I shall have only memories." Has she gone away with the man she loves for these four days, that they may have this one glimpse of happiness?

November 16th. I AM almost happy today. It is because when I asked Horace this morning about the furnace, about having it thoroughly gone over before cold weather, he spoke of a new furnace. Said this one was nearly worn out, that "we will have to have a new one next winter, and we might as well put it in now."

"We will have to have a new one next winter—" That phrase has been ringing in my heart all day. It has been so long since he has made any reference to the future and now this has given me a little of the old feeling of security and permanency in our home.

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of This Paper.

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